

Zion's Herald

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Zion's Herald.

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THE OUTLOOK.

Decidedly stringent are some of the provisions of the proposed State constitution for New Mexico. They are thus outlined by the *Springfield Republican*:—

"No official is allowed to appoint near relatives to office; duelist loses citizenship; provision is made for teaching the principles of the federal and State constitutions in the public schools; the credit of the State or its subdivisions cannot be lent to any person or corporation; public debts are limited to 5 per cent. of the taxable property; and the secrecy of the ballot is required except in cases of contested elections."

There are some big farms up in Manitoba, according to a correspondent of the *Toronto Mail*. Sir John L. Kaye owns eleven farms of 10,000 acres each—a vast domain if all were put together. But there is a single farm, known as the "Bell Farm," located about 300 miles west of Winnipeg, which embraces 100 square miles, or 64,000 acres of land. It is fenced with a post and wire fence. There are farrows in some of the fields four miles long, and it takes half a day for a man and team to go once up and down. The work is done in a sort of military fashion—"plowing by brigades and reaping by divisions." Such an enormous acreage must involve great executive ability on the part of its proprietor. It is, however, abnormally large, and another generation will probably see it split into a number of smaller holdings which can be more easily and advantageously cultivated.

Charges of bigotry and unfair discrimination have been preferred against the Indian bureau for its new policy of education, by a Roman Catholic weekly published in Washington. Such charges were to be expected. Thus far the Roman Catholics have had the lion's share in the "contract-schools" appropriation. The old contracts will be renewed, but the commissioner has decided to make no new contracts, with Roman Catholics or any other religious body, but to conduct the whole system of education, as far as possible, upon a strictly non-sectarian and non-partisan basis. He intends to adopt the American public school system, so far as it can be adapted, to the special needs of Indian youth. Teachers will be hired or dismissed solely on the basis of efficiency. Pupils will be placed in white families to attend public schools where it may be practicable. The industrial feature is to be emphasized. Twenty-five grammar schools will be organized, fifty primary or home schools, and enough day or camp schools to reach all who cannot be brought into boarding schools. Full high-school courses will be provided at Carlisle, Haskell and Cheyenne. The commissioner's policy will doubtless command itself to all except Roman Catholics.

No river rolls a fuller volume of water into the Black Sea than "the blue Danube," with its 400 tributaries, and its delta covering an area of over 1,000 square miles. It has no peer in Europe, in fact, except the Volga. Rising in the Black Forest, and flowing along a course 1,750 miles in length, it would be one of the most important commercial arteries in the world but for that remarkable obstruction between Orsova in Hungary and Gladova in Serbia known as the "Iron Gate." This is a broad passage of rock 1,400 yards wide, over which the water formerly rushed with great velocity and noise, and subsequently passed through a series of eddies, whirlpools and shallow falls, so that no vessels of any draught were able to pass. Forty years ago a part of this obstruction was removed by blasting, so that vessels of eight or even nine feet draught can pass at certain seasons of the year. Late mining operations have been conducted at the base of the obstacle, and one of these was recently exploded by the minister of public works in Hungary. It is now believed that within a few months the lighterage method of transferring passengers and merchandise at this point will be abandoned, and steamers will pass to the Black Sea direct from Vienna without breaking bulk, and the Danubian boats will be easily towed up stream to the heart of Austria. "It will be hard to overestimate the political and commercial importance of this triumph over the natural difficulties which have so long minimized traffic on this great European waterway," says the *New York Tribune*.

The maritime exhibition just opened in this city has the double attraction of uniqueness and instructiveness. Nothing of the kind on such a scale has ever been attempted here; and even the most careless visitor cannot go through the various exhibits without receiving valuable object-lessons. The catalogue of the minor features of the exhibition is in itself sufficiently extensive and interesting to draw crowds of curious sight-seers, but to this are added a canal in the basement 550 feet around, and illuminated by 2,000 lights of various colors, in which pleasure boats of every description—steamers, gondolas, canoes, etc.—will be successively exhibited; a concert stage, which is simply an exact model of the new Burgess yacht "Quikstep," the performers coming up from the cabin through the hatchway; and the art gallery of marine sketches, etchings and paintings. The United States Signal Corps, the National Museum and the Smithsonian Institute are represented in the exhibition. The Navy department has

sent various models, and the secretary has ordered the new "squadron of evolution," commanded by Admiral J. W. Walker, to stop here on its way to England, to give Bostonians, and visitors to the exhibition generally, the opportunity of seeing modern ships of war. The opening exercises on Monday, consisting of prayer by Rev. Phillips Brooks, addresses by President Ryckman, Mayor Hart, Lieut.-Gov. Brackett, Hon. O. B. Potter, and Hon. N. D. Sperry, and music by the New York Seventh Regiment Band, were a worthy inauguration of what will evidently prove to be one of the most delightful, as well as most educational, exhibitions ever given in this vicinity.

It is difficult even to keep track of the inventions which are announced almost every day in the newspapers, and which promise—some of them, at least—when developed and put in operation, to revolutionize existing methods. Here are a couple of samples: The butchers of Washington Market are to be supplied, by pipe, with cold air, made frigid by the ammonia system. The supply can be regulated by a cock. They will thus save the space and dampness of ice. Restaurants, saloons, and summer resorts will be supplied by the same company as fast as pipes can be laid and machinery put in operation—which means a great cut-down in the ice business. The second process referred to is that of solidifying, by condensation, natural gas, so that it can be handled and exported. The inventor claims that with a 10 horse-power engine he can reduce enough gas in one day to supply a city of 50,000 inhabitants with fuel for twenty-four hours. This is a large claim. If only partially realized, it will take its place among the most useful inventions of the day. While writing this paragraph, we learn that a company in Litchfield, Ill., is preparing to pipe both fuel and illuminating gas, made from Lima (O.) petroleum, to East St. Louis (37 miles). The oil costs 1-4 cents a gallon; and 1,000 feet of gas can be made from it at five cents per thousand. The process and expense are thus explained:—

"A bunch that is a plant with twelve retorts, will cost about \$5,000, and will supply a town of 5,000 inhabitants. It would produce 60,000 feet of illuminating gas daily and 13 times as much fuel gas. Here the fuel gas is 120 pounds of crude petroleum, which, \$1.50; gas for operation, 30 cents; one workman one day, \$2; total, \$3.80—product, 200,000 feet. The crude oil is introduced to the furnace direct from the tanks. Steam forces it into spray, and, mixing, both absorb the elements from the air and a chemical degeneration commences that winds up in non-combustible, non-explosive gas. For intensity of heat the fuel gas exceeds. I have seen Swedish iron, which requires 4,500 degrees, made with it, and also crucible steel not only made, but melted and burned up in a few minutes."

The visit of the Pan-American delegates to the tomb of Lincoln at Springfield, Ill., last week, and the sentiments expressed by several of their number, will have much to do with strengthening the cordial feeling which the Conference was designed to promote. Ex-Governor Oglesby was the first speaker to the company, which stood with bared heads on the spot upon which the statue of Lincoln bends its gaze. He spoke of the great patriot and emancipator who loved his own country and race, but had none the less loved other nations and other races. "It was that giant arm that had reached deep down into the waves of human slavery and helped largely to lift up the African to American citizenship." Among the delegates present was Gen. Bolt Peraza, a son-in-law of Gen. Monagas, who was president of Venezuela in 1854, and made the slaves free at that time. Being introduced to the company, Gen. Peraza eloquently said, after a brief preliminary:—

"It is not my voice which speaks at this moment. It is the echo of a noble soul, who shares with you great man the immortality bestowed by the God of Justice on the benefactors of mankind. Fifteen free American nations join in this sanctuary to pay their homage to this tomb which contains nothing but a handful of dust, all that in Abraham Lincoln belongs to death, as his real monument is in the heart of men. Our visit to this sacred monument is not a mere individual tribute, but a significant pilgrimage of a sovereign state, which comes here in the name of liberty, equality, and fraternity, to satisfy their firm purpose of continuing the work of the great Northern leader, unifying the interests of the entire America, consolidating her aspirations to the future, tearing down the trade barriers which rise in the natural way of her industrial conveniences, leaving standing only the frontiers of the respective sovereignties built by mutual respect."

Senor Alfrenze, of Chili, said that his presence was the result of a vow which he made years ago, to visit the tomb of the man he believed throughout the three Americas. The delegates entered the base of the monument, viewed the relics, and affixed their names to the register. Their demeanor throughout was that of sincere and profound respect.

SUSQUECO.

Through the shadows cool and dim,
Willow-woven by its rim,
Treading meadow lands of bloom
Where the flowers give it room,
Through a sweet idyllic stream
Runs the naid haunted dream,
Ever crooning sweetest song
Where the reeds and rushes throng,
Through the valley's green and gold
Where the tides of battle rolled
In the stormy days of old,
Softly glide in rhythmic flow
The pictured waters of Susqueco.

Susqueco, O Susqueco!
How thy singing waters flow;
From the fountains in the hills,
From the laughing, limpid rills
Fed by crystal dew and rain,
Gleaming through the folds of grain,
Dreaming by the slopes of fern
Where the lady slippers burn,
Where the ponderous mill wheels turn,
Past the miller's dusty doors,
By the lily-white shores,
While the sunshine softly lies
On thy mirror of the skies.

With the thrushes' mellow note,
Dragon flies, in airy glee,
In the sun-laced shadow space,
Flit and dash across thy face,
Up and down, and to and fro—
Blue-mailed knights of Sa-que-co.

Susqueco, O Susqueco!
Whether do thy waters flow?
Under arches bulged wide—
Rounded circles in the tide—
Under bridges mossy brown,
Through the meadows flowing down,
Through the woodland and the lea,
Singing ever towards the sea
Where thy song is hushed at last,
When the tide dream is passed,
In the infinite and vast;
Tidder do thy waters flow—
Stream of beauty—Susqueco!

Ward, Pa.

"WHAT IS IT TO BE A CHRISTIAN?"

A few weeks ago the following circular letter was mailed from our editorial office to a number of representative men and women in the religious world, both clerical and lay:—

Will you kindly furnish for publication in this paper a brief yet adequate answer to the question, "What is it to be a Christian?" We make this request in order to reach, if possible, the simplest and clearest statement in reply to this momentous query, and with the single motive of helpfulness.

This request is not sent to members of our Methodist churches alone, but also to prominent clergymen and laymen in our various communions. We sincerely hope you will favor us in this matter.

Over thirty responses have been received, which we take great pleasure in presenting to our readers.—Editor *ZION'S HERALD*.

Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol, D. D.

Pastor West Church [Unitarian], Boston.
To be a Christian is to live for others.

Manchester, Mass.

Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D.

Pastor Madison Square Church [Presbyterian], New York.
DEAR BROTHER: The following paragraph states as succinctly as I am able to do my conception of the essential fact in personal Christianity.

To be a Christian is to be a man who is incarnate in the life of God; and thus to be, in the strictest sense of the expression, a little Christ in our own little world.

133 East 35th St., New York.

Charles W. Eliot, LL. D.

President Harvard University.
DEAR SIR: In answer to your question of Oct. 5, I beg to say that to my thinking he is a Christian who accepts Jesus Christ as the best moral and spiritual guide the world has seen, and tries in his spirit to love and serve God and man.

Cambridge, Mass.

Borden P. Bowne, LL. D.

Professor of Philosophy, Boston University.
To be a Christian is to live in loving submission and active obedience to the will of God, trusting in His mercy in Jesus Christ.

Boston, Mass.

Miss Frances E. Willard.

President National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.
DEAR BROTHER: "What is it to be a Christian?"

I have been trying to find out the answer to this most momentous question of all time for well-nigh fifty years! For, as one has said, the statements concerning Christ are of such a character that if they are true, it matters very little what else is false; and if they are false, it matters very little what is true. The foundation-line of my character-pyramid is that they are as true, though not so demonstrable, as the propositions of geometry.

This granted, I should say that to be a Christian is to be adjusted to God's laws written in our minds, our members, and our spirits as accurately as the eye is adjusted to light, the ear to sound, the heart to love, the soul to faith. It is to have one's life-ships consciously guided by the Holy Spirit, God whispering His oracles through conscience, and to believe with one's inmost nature, intellect, sensibilities and will, that "God was manifest in the flesh, reconciling the world unto Himself through Christ Jesus," our Elder Brother, our Exemplar and Redeemer.

En route in New York.

Hon. Franklin Fairbanks.

President Fairbanks Scale Company.
DEAR SIR: I could answer your inquiry at length, but to be very brief, answer as follows:—

"What is it to be a Christian?"
To be a Christian is to believe on, and to follow, the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, one of the Trinity. (Acts 8: 37; John 11: 27.)

To be a Christian, one must have a change of heart, the "new birth." (John 3: 3, 5.)
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Rev. O. P. Gifford, D. D.

Pastor Warren Avenue Church [Baptist], Boston.
"What is it to be a Christian?"
In the parable of the Sower, Jesus pictures the Son of Man sowing seed. The soil had not in itself the secret of a harvest, therefore culture of the soil could not bring a harvest. Bad soil was stony, or trodden hard, or thorn matted, and gave no harvest even when the seed was sown; good soil depended upon seed brought to it and received by it for a harvest. A man becomes a Christian when he accepts the truth that Christ taught, co-operates with the truth received, yields his whole life to "The truth as it is in Jesus," and reproduces that life up to the measure of his ability, "some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred-fold." Capacity to reproduce varies, but "eternal life" depends upon acceptance of Christ, submission to Christ, co-operation with Christ, and reproduction of Christ.

Boston, Mass.

Mrs. G. R. Alden ("Pansy").

DEAR SIR: I very much regret that illness and an overwhelming pressure of work makes it impossible for me at this time to give a careful answer to the important question you ask, beyond the plain statement that, in my opinion, to be a Christian is to love the Lord Jesus Christ so much that I shall desire to have Him reign supreme in my heart. I infer that you want this thought put into simpler, or rather into more detailed language, and for that, as I said, I cannot secure the time.

Winder Park, Florida.

Rev. A. P. Peabody, D. D., LL. D.

Professor of Christian Morals, Harvard University.
The Christian is he whose prime aim and ever more successful endeavor is Christlikeness.

I know of no other definition which does not exclude some whom it ought to include, or include some who have no right to be called Christians.
11 Quincy Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Joseph Cook.

Lecturer, Author, Editor of *Our Day*.
A Christian is one who has obtained deliverance from both the love and the guilt of sin through the new birth and the Atonement; one who has the faith that makes faithful; one who loves what God loves and hates what God hates; one who has gladly, affectionately and irreversibly accepted God in Christ as both Saviour and Lord; one who sees God as Creator and Saviour so vividly and intelligently as to be willing to accept Him as Ruler also; one who so beholds the Cross of Christ that it is no cross to bear the Cross.
Boston, Mass.

Hon. Robert C. Pitman, LL. D.

Judge of the Superior Court.

"What is it to be a Christian?"
The simplest answer is the best. It is to be a disciple of Christ. Or, as Dr. Thomas Arnold puts it in one of his letters: "The purpose of his heart and mind is to obey and be guided by Christ, and therefore he is a Christian." This suffices for entrance upon the Christian life, and is the all-sufficient test of fellowship. The ultimate aim must be likeness to Christ.

Neston, Mass.

Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton.

Author, Writer.
Matt. 7: 12: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" for Christ's sake. Thus one leads an upright life from the best motive—unselfish love for another.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D.

Pastor of Plymouth Church and Editor of *Christian Union*.

To be a Christian is, according to the New Testament phraseology, to be a follower of Christ—not to think something about Him, but to appreciate Him; love Him, try to be like Him, and to trust in the help which He gives through Him for accomplishing the work which He gives His followers to do.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D. D.

Editor of the *Ministry* and *Review of the World*.
To be a Christian is to accept Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord; as Saviour, to save from sin's penalty and power; as Lord, to rule over the heart and life. A Christian is, therefore, one who heartily believes on Jesus, and is therefore a follower of Him.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

Lecturer, Author.
DEAR SIR: In late years, I have come to place great stress on life and character, as furnishing the best evidence of one's being a Christian. "By the fruit ye shall know them."

And yet, it seems to me that a belief in the historic Christ, based on the New Testament histories, and illustrated and fortified by the researches of the reliable Biblical scholars of the day, is essential, if one would be a well grounded and intelligent Christian, theoretically.

Secondly: To this intellectual conviction must be added a persistent and courageous endeavor to act up to one's highest ideal, and to live a life of love to God and man, in accordance with the teachings of Christ. The life must be dominated by a high purpose,

"To think, to feel, to do
Only the holy right,
To yield no step in the awful race,
No bow in the fearful fight."

One cannot be a Christian who does not aim to live among his fellows in love and helpfulness, bearing their burdens and illuminating their darkness. As the law of Christ's life was service to the world, so should it be that of those who call themselves by His name.

"By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another."

McLure, Mass.

Rev. Benj. St. James Fry, D. D.

Editor of *Central Christian Advocate*.
To be a Christian is to obtain by faith in Christ the renewing and rectification of one's spiritual life; the law of Christ's life was service to the world, so should it be that of those who call themselves by His name.

St. Louis, Mo.

Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D.

Pastor Clarendon St. Church [Baptist], Boston.
To be a Christian is one thing; to begin to be a Christian is quite another thing. The first attainment involves a lifetime of toil and conflict and discipline; the second involves a simple surrender of the will to Christ. To believe on the Lord Jesus, which means to receive Christ as our personal Lord and Saviour, is the step by which we enter on the Christian life. In order that our faith may be proved to be sincere, it must be openly confessed. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thy heart that God has raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10: 9). This belief expressing itself in confession is that by which one begins to be a Christian; to be a Christian involves a whole succeeding life-time of obedience, cross-bearing and holy living.

Boston, Mass.

Marion Harland.

Author, and Editor of the *Home-Maker*.
To be a Christian is, first of all, to believe, love and trust in our Crucified, Risen and Ascended Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, for our temporal salvation from sin, and eternal safety from the consequences of sin.

As the fruit of this act of "saving faith," it follows that we should grow, daily, into likeness to Him, and nearness to Him, looking to Him for counsel, comfort and strength. If we love Him, we will keep His commandments. His Spirit informs the desires and shapes the actions of His true children. Thus spring into exercise the highest form of humanity. As He loved us, we must love also one another.

New York City.

Rev. David H. Moore, D. D.

Editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*.
Building one's life upon the model—Christ Jesus.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Samuel Huntington, Esq.

To will to do the will of God in the letter and spirit of the 13th of 1 Corinthians and Gal. 6: 2.

Burlington, Vt.

Charles C. Bragdon.

Principal Laurel Seminary.
Question: "What is it to be a Christian?"
Answer, brief and adequate: Mark 1: 18.
To be a Christian seems to me to mean not necessarily to be a mature Christian, nor a fanatical human

being, but a follower. Better than all human comment is found in Matt. 20: 34, 27 and Matt. 22: 37 and 49.
Auburndale, Mass.

Rev. Charles Gordon Ames.

Pastor of the Church of the Disciples [Unitarian], Boston.
DEAR SIR: I respond to your request for an answer to the question, "What is it to be a Christian?" Not without some reluctance, and not wholly to my own content; for behind every question lurk a hundred others, and who can voice the unaskable?

Words, too, are ambiguous and leaky; they never hold half one's meaning. All the same, I suppose we ought to keep on talking, as the Spirit gives utterance to every man.

"What is it to be a Christian?"
We may be helped to an answer by the ideal "good man" described by Jesus—a man who "out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things;" and who thus knows by its fruits to be a partner of the divine nature. But a truly pious sinner may also be called a Christian, as soon as his will goes over to the side of goodness. If I try to distinguish between the ordinary "good man" and the Christian, the latter presents himself as a conscious child of God, of the Christ pattern; that is, as one whose virtue is fashioned and colored by the spirit of loving trust and obedience which we call *sonship*, of which brotherhood, justice and willing service are the sure outcome. Technically, or according to the common use of language, the Christian is one who has reached this experience of sonship by the Christ-method, through the trusting surrender of self-will; or by feeding the course of perfection given and illustrated by Jesus, whose supreme sacrifice was simply the making of the Father's will his own. Faith, hope, love, pardon, the new life, regeneration—all inhere in this entrancement of the divine authority within the will.

But the name Christian is of secondary importance, and of ten definitions all may be true. One finds in the New Testament no exhortations to be "Christian;" the whole urgency of the Gospel is to produce "sons of God" of such quality that they may be in them; that His Spirit may bear them witness, lead and sanctify them; and that the Well-Beloved may not be ashamed to call them brethren and joint-heirs with Himself to the inheritance of love, wisdom and power. We have many ways of talking about it; and spiritual experiences have endless varieties; but all genuine goodness is of one stuff; and it ever includes God's grace and man's freedom.

Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, M. D.

Principal of the Chicago Training School, and Sup't of the Chicago Deaconess Home.

To be a Christian is
1. Not to be a church-member, though all Christians ought to be church members.

2. Not to be religious, though all Christians will be religious.

3. Not to "give one's body to be burned," though a Christian, by the grace of God, would, if need be, give his body to be burned.

To be a Christian is
1. To be born of God. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

2. To be saved from sin. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

3. To be like Christ. "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master."

4. To possess Christ. "He that hath the Son hath Christ."

Chicago, Ill.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

Pastor of Lafayette Ave. Church [Presbyterian], Brooklyn.
"What is it to be a Christian?"
Jesus Christ answered this question when He said that whoever would be His disciple must deny himself and follow Him. The man, therefore, who forsakes his sin, and by the help of the Holy Spirit endeavors to keep the commandments of His loving Saviour and Lord, is a Christian. Faith joins the sinner's soul to the Saviour.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rev. D. A. Weldon, D. D.

New England Southern Conference, M. E. Church.
A Christian is one who believes and practices the truths and doctrines of Christianity, consisting of the facts of Christ's life and His teachings as found in the four Gospels, and the doctrines based upon them by His apostles. One may, therefore, be a good Jew, a good Buddhist, a good Confucian, a good Mahometan, or a good Agnostic, and be no Christian; for though he may believe some truths and practice some virtues which are taught by Christ, he rejects the Gospel and refuses supreme allegiance to Him.

Christ's first teaching was a call to repentance; His second, the necessity of the new birth; His third, faith in Himself as essential to salvation. The believing penitent God accepts, forgives, and brings into right relations to Himself. By an inward supernatural change He makes the love of God the supreme affection of his soul and gives him power to refrain from sinning and to obey God. He also gives him a filial relation to Himself, graciously adopting him as a child. The sinner thus becomes a Christian, and to continue a Christian he must continue what God has made him, forgiven, renewed, and His child.

A Christian, then, is one who takes Christ as his Saviour to save him and his Lord to rule him; who loves God more than all else, and his neighbor as himself; who, as to himself, subdues the evil within him; and as to his fellows, walks honestly, justly, unselfishly, kindly, helpfully, as Jesus would do in his place.

East Greenwich, R. I.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D.

Pastor of the South Congregational Church [Unitarian], Boston.
DEAR SIR: In answer to your note of October 5, let me say:—

First: Every person born in a Christian land is born a Christian, in a very familiar and legitimate sense of that word, precisely as every one born in America is born an American. The child is cared for by Christian skill, is fed on food which is Christian, is wrapped in a Christian blanket, and cannot escape from the beginning the influence of Christian life.

Second: I do not, however, suppose that it is in this sense of the word Christian that you put your question. I suppose that the answer which your question requires is that which the Saviour gave. He said, when He had occasion to answer it, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father who is in heaven, he is my brother, and sister, and mother."

This answer is as good now as it was then.
39 Highland St., Roxbury, Mass.

Rev. Howard Crosby, D. D., LL. D.

Pastor of Fourth Ave. Church [Presbyterian], New York.
"What is it to be a Christian?"
To be saved from sin and eternal death, faith in God as Saviour is the one essential. "None of them that

trust in Him shall be desolate [Heb., "bear guilt.]"—Psalm 34: 22.
To be a Christian is to have this faith or trust in God, as made known in His Son Jesus Christ, the express image of His person.

116 East 19th St., New York.

Mrs. Margaret Bottomo.

President of the Order of King's Daughters.
"What is it to be a Christian?"
I answer—To believe what Jesus Christ says, and to do what Jesus Christ tells us to do. I remember hearing Mr. Moody tell of one who wanted to be a Christian, and he did all he could to show her the way; but no light, no joy, came to her. At last, in utter despair, he said, "Will you follow me in our Lord's Prayer, sentence by sentence?" So he commenced "Our Father"—and she repeated it. He

himself had reached the sentence, "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." She quietly said, "I never say that." "Why not?" "Because there is a

Miscellaneous.

OUR NORTH INDIA MISSION AND ITS GREAT NECESSITY.

An Appeal.

REV. WILLIAM SETLER, D. D.

When leaving India, early in 1885, I brought away with me an anxiety on account of a serious want in the condition of that work; but I hoped that the Missionary Society would ere long have been able to attend to the matter. Twenty-four years, however, have passed away, leaving that want still unsupplied and greater now than ever. I refer to the fact that nearly half our people are without the shelter and help of a church home. The development of the work has been so rapid, the claims of the larger cities so urgent, the training of a native ministry and other leading interests so important, that no means have been left to the General Committee for providing our village Methodism with places of worship. So these thousands of our people are still unprotected.

Look at the facts which explain this. The Conference Minutes show that we have but 99 places of worship. Of these only 76 are churches; the rest are school-houses used also for worship. So that nearly two-thirds of our work are still without meeting-houses. In the last report of Dr. Parker, presiding elder of the Rohilkhand District, he says: "We have now in this district 144 centres of work, and 460 villages in which Christians reside." The other three districts certainly aggregate an equal number; and the startling fact faces us that, within the limits of our North India Conference, we have already 300 centres of work with probably more than 800 villages where our Christian people live, and yet for all these (in a space 400 miles long and 140 wide) we have only 99 places in which they can meet to hold their Christian services! We are gaining the people (and now especially in the villages), but they are not being gathered into folds or shepherded.

Our brethren in India see that this state of things cannot be longer endured. Their people must be sheltered, provided with the means of grace, and instructed. The Divine Providence is not only drawing these teachable people to us as never before, but He is also furnishing a trained agency in increasing numbers to reach and evangelize them, when we have helped them to places where they can be gathered together for this purpose.

The Conference has fully considered this matter and consulted their people who stand pledged to do all that in them lies in aid of the great object of obtaining church homes for themselves; so that, at the last session, action was taken and the founder of the mission (as the one at home probably best acquainted with the facts and the necessity) was designated and requested to undertake this work for them. The following is their action taken from their Minutes for 1888, p. 85:—

WHEREAS, our work is spreading more and more into the villages and necessitating that our Christian people have some place where they can meet for worship; and whereas, they are in most cases too poor to build their own meeting-houses, or are able to do so only in part; therefore,

Resolved, 1. That this Conference establish a fund to be known as the "Village Chapel Aid Fund of the North India Conference."

2. That all moneys belonging to this fund shall be held in trust by the Finance Committee of the North India Conference, and be invested here in such securities as they may deem best.

3. That the Finance Committee be requested to use only the income from this fund in the building and repairs of village chapels, and only on condition that the village church secure locally contributions aggregating at least one-half of the amount necessary to build or to keep in repair such chapels.

4. That as a Conference we tender our hearty thanks to Dr. Butler, now in his declining years, for his continued deep interest in our work in India; and thanking him specially for money already received for this Village Chapel Building Fund, we most respectfully request him to secure contributions for this fund in any way most convenient to him and most in harmony with his position in the church at home.

So long as our church was trying to reach the "million dollar line," and I was giving, at Chaplain McCabe's request, what aid I could on this behalf, I felt it my duty to decline to be drawn to any other enterprise, no matter how important. But now that we have reached and gone beyond that limit, and are moving upward, I feel that I ought to try to do something for an object so intimately associated as this is with the highest interests of our Missionary Society.

Let me explain

The Necessity of the Effort

more definitely. The great Gangetic Valley is pre-eminently a land of villages. The rapine of other days and the danger from tigers, wolves, etc., made it impracticable for the people to live out isolated on their farms as people here can do. So when the toll of the day is over, they and their cattle and sheep turn back to the protection of their villages. The census shows that there are over 10,000 such communities, with populations from 100 to 5,000 souls in each, besides the large towns and cities running up from 5,000 to 250,000.

The people are more simple-hearted and accessible in the smaller communities. Hindooism has not debased them so much. We have reached them by our occasional itinerations, or by their coming to attend our camp-meetings. Thousands of them have embraced the Gospel, been baptized and received into our church, and such as can read have been supplied with tracts and Scriptures. But this is about all we have done for them, save when we can revisit them at long intervals. The smallness of their dwellings and their ideas of woman's seclusion in their homes, make it impracticable to hold services in each other's houses. So the only thing they can do is to go out some distance, and try to hold a little service under the friendly shade of the tree; but for one-third of the year this is not practicable on account of the tropical rains.

These destitute people, who are under constant persecution, long for a little place for their own where they can come together for worship; and they are now turning their eyes to the great church of which they are members, and pleading to be helped to obtain one. The idolaters around them have their temple, their idol and priest to go to, and no doubt they wonder, since these people are Christians, that Christianity does not help them to obtain a place where they can go to pray and worship the Christian's God. It is surprising that under such disadvantages they can hold together, and even add some to their number, and surely they are worthy of being helped.

Now as to

What They Require,

and how it is to be done. We divide these villages into three classes, the smaller of them

holding 200 to 500 people, among whom we may have from 20 to 40 adherents or members. Here the humblest accommodation in the way of a church home would suffice. Then there are the next larger villages where more room would be necessary and where we have more adherents; and then there are the larger places still, in which more ample accommodations and more expense would be required. Our people do not ask to have everything done for them. Of money they have very little, but they have willing hands and hearts to help what they can and to the utmost of their ability. They can make adobe brick and tiles (the usual material for building, with some burnt brick for the bottom course to raise the adobe above the damp), and they can cut bamboos for roofing, and make floors and serve the masons who build.

The plan of such a chapel is very simple. No boarded floors are now needed, and no chairs or benches. They prefer to sit on the ground, rank behind rank. A good floor of earth, beaten hard and dried, with a mat or a durree (a coarse native carpet, very cheap) rolled out over each side of the aisle, gives them the seating that they prefer. A little platform for pulpit and communion-rail, and three small windows on either side for light, and the chapel is ready. Something larger and more attractive, of course, for the second and third class of villages would be desirable.

Now, with what our people will gladly do to help themselves, about \$50 each (each dollar equal to three rupees) would build one of these smaller and plainer places of worship, while \$75 and \$100 would erect those adapted to the larger villages and towns. Even the humblest of them, however, will look respectable by the side of the usual native homes. So easily can these poor village Christians be provided with a house of God, and the cause of the Lord Jesus Christ have at last a visible standing in their community, where all would be welcomed. Here, too, the Sunday-school would be started, and woman's work for woman have a welcome centre in which to toil. What a thrill of joy the possession of such a treasure would bring to these simple-hearted people!

From the Conference resolutions it will be seen that an effort to erect a few such chapels could not now or overtake the great necessity that is now upon them, or be satisfactory to the thousands that equally need to be helped. What alone can meet the great want is

A Fund.

safely invested and wisely administered by a competent Conference committee, fully acquainted with the entire ground. With something like \$10,000 invested—the interest of which alone is to be used—this Chapel Building Committee can take up the most pressing cases in order, and with the people's help, provide for the erection of from fifteen to twenty such chapels every year; while the precious fund would be kept intact to go on doing the same work for other thousands, and for the new converts that will be attracted to them, until the whole face of the great valley shall be filled with this blessed "fruit of righteousness."

It is my hope that, in addition to what people of less means can do to found this fund, there are some of those to whom God has given larger ability who will take it to their hearts and resolve to have a larger share in this work, building a monument to their loving sympathy for these precious souls year by year continually; \$500, \$750, or \$1,000 will do all this, according to the location and size needed, as already explained. Perhaps there are few things, as reminiscences of our earthly acts, that would yield joy in heaven more grateful joy than the remembrance that your beneficence is continuing to erect every year an additional church for Christ among those millions. The precious souls that will be therein instructed, comforted and saved, will surely be more to you forever than other redeemed people can be, for you will have directly helped them in the highest interests of their souls by furnishing them the places in which all our means of grace will be operating, where their children will be taught, their women and girls instructed, and within whose walls the Holy Spirit will impart the grace in which revivals of religion will continue to draw themselves and their neighbors to the cross of Christ. But I am in danger of making my appeal too lengthy; yet I could plead till midnight for these long-neglected ones.

I want, before I close, to say two things more: I hold the general collections of our Missionary Society so necessary and so sacred for its general work, that I should regret, in any responses that may be made to this appeal, that anything should be taken from them to apply on this account. Oh, no; if you cannot help both, then help the Missionary Society alone. Take care of that interest above all else, for it is the very origin and life of the whole enterprise.

What has been

Done Already as a Beginning?

Well, a good Baptist layman in the West, reading in "From Boston to Bareilly" of this class of people, wrote and sent me his pledge to support a native preacher for them permanently, and he has since sent me \$100 toward building chapels for them. This was the first—the foundation-stone—of the fund. Then another brother, a Methodist in Kansas, sent me \$500, that they may build a chapel every year for him. And still another, an old brother, who is not now able to give the money, has his life insured and his will made, so that when he departs \$500 more will go to India to build one also for him yearly. Thus, even before an appeal is made, here are \$600 already in the hands of the committee and \$500 more in sight—a good beginning, and about a tenth of what we require.

Brethren and sisters, excuse the intrusion of so much of my own personality into this appeal; but as "the father and founder" of this glorious work, I feel for it such an intensity of interest as perhaps no one else can feel. Oh, help me to accomplish what, for aught I now see, may be the last work of my life! To carry this through would be a glorious crown on my humble labors; and I could more joyously ask the blessed Master for dismissal after seeing the accomplishment of this "salvation." I now await your responses with hope that they may prove adequate to the object we seek to accomplish. Let them be sent either to myself here, Post-office box No. 318, Newton Centre, Mass., or to the care of the editor of ZION'S HERALD. They will be duly acknowledged, and at once forwarded to the committee in India.

MORTIS DIGNITAS.

Here lies a common man. His horny hands, crossed meekly as a maid's, upon his breast, Show marks of toil, and by his general dress You judge him to have been an artisan. Doubtless, could all his life be written out, The story would not thrill nor start a tear. He worked, laughed, loved, and suffered in his time, And now rests peacefully, with upturned face Whose look betrays all struggle in the past. A homely tale, yet, trust me, I have seen The greatest of the earth go stately by, While shouting multitudes beat the way, With less of awe. The gap between a king And me, a nameless gear in the crowd, Seemed not so wide as that which stretches now 'Twixt us, this dead one and myself. Utterly dumb, and dead, yet he is Transfigured by a touch from out the skies Until he wears, with all unconscious grace, The strange and sudden Dignity of Death.

—RICHARD E. BURTON, in Scribner's.

SOME CANADIAN AFFAIRS.

REV. W. T. FRANKLIN.

In midsummer the great political agitation concerning

The Jesuits' Estates Reached its culmination. After the suppression of the Order, over a hundred years ago, these estates fell into the hands of the crown, in the reign of George III, and were transferred later to the authorities of the former Province of Canada. Before the end of the last century the Catholics began urging their claims to this property, which they have continued doing at intervals ever since.

In 1887 the Society of Jesus was incorporated by the legislature of Quebec. Early in 1888 the premier of Quebec, Honoré Mercier, began correspondence with the Pope and the Jesuits with a view to a final settlement. Meanwhile because of the predominating Catholic population and sentiment, the government had been unable to satisfactorily dispose of the property, and naturally desired to remove the cause of long-standing irritation. The Jesuits asked for \$900,000—a modest sum in their opinion, and the Government offered \$400,000. Negotiations resulted in the acceptance of the latter sum and in the ratification of the proposition by the legislature of Quebec and by the Pope.

All this has been exceedingly distasteful to ardent Protestants of the Dominion, who are very much disturbed because this society was re-incorporated, with its disgraceful record of unremitting hostility to pure religion and civil liberty, and especially because in a statute of a Canadian province the Pope of Rome should be accorded civil rights, and the validity of a legislative act be made dependent upon his sanction. Many protests appeared, and an earnest effort was made to secure a vote in the Dominion Parliament requesting the governor in council to disallow the act. This measure was, however, overwhelmingly defeated. This summer a large delegation from Ontario and Quebec waited upon the governor with numerous signed petitions to veto the act of the legislature of Quebec. But Lord Stanley not only did not grant their request, but hardly concealed his displeasure at their action, and by his bearing much exasperated the most earnest of the petitioners. This ends the matter in its legal aspect, but not in its moral and political bearings. A great stir has been made. The Society of Jesus bids fair to be a trouble in the Dominion. It will be closely watched and its aggressions energetically opposed.

The Methodist camp is greatly agitated over

The Question of "Federation."

Shall Victoria University, now located at Coburg (a small place on Lake Ontario), be transferred to Toronto and affiliated with the great Toronto University? For this the vote has been cast, and subscriptions aggregating over \$250,000 have been secured to carry out the proposed change. To this movement, however, there has been intense opposition, and the anti-federationists have carried the matter into the courts and obtained an injunction upon further proceedings for the present. There are evident advantages in having the Methodist institution in a large centre of educational activities like Toronto, and in connection with a strong university. On the other hand if such an arrangement shall make possible the removal of its control from the hands of Methodists and endanger its management in the interests of evangelic and aggressive piety, the proposed plan may well call for hesitation. That the Baptists and Presbyterians, after careful consideration, have refused to bring Macmaster Hall and Queen's College, their respective institutions, into this federation, seems to strengthen the position of those Methodists who oppose the scheme. The difference of opinion is very decided and the feeling deep. Much prayer and much forbearance will be in place, for the temptation to un-Christian bitterness in spirit and speech is great. Men good and true are on both sides, and it is to be hoped that the outcome, under God's gracious providence, will be promotive of the cause of education and the welfare of the united Methodism of Canada.

I have just learned, since penning the above, that Wm. Goodenham, recently deceased, has left in his will \$200,000 to Victoria, conditional upon its removal to Toronto. This will be likely to prove a very strong argument in favor of the movement.

The Educational System of Canada

is worthy of our study as citizens of the United States, especially in view of the increasing number of parochial schools in our midst and the prospective demand on the part of the Roman Catholics for a share of the school fund. While in Toronto I looked into this subject a little, and was most profitably furnished with information by Mr. R. S. Baird, a trustee of the public-school board of that city. The statutes of the Province of Ontario provide for separate schools for Protestant, colored, or Catholic children when it is demanded by five or more heads of families in a school district. As the Province is strongly Protestant, the law in its operation applies chiefly to Catholic schools. When the assessors make their annual visits, Roman Catholics who have given notice of their wish to support separate schools so inform the assessors, and their school tax, whatever it may be, goes to the maintenance of such schools. These schools are under the charge of a board of trustees elected by their patrons, but are subject to the regulation of the educational department of the Province of Ontario and also to such inspection as may be directed from time to time by the minister of education. The latter officer, all judges, members of the legislature, the heads of the municipal bodies in their respective localities, the inspectors of the public schools, and the clergy-

men of the Roman Catholic Church, are made visitors of these Catholic separate schools. The government appoints two special inspectors of separate schools. It has not so far been the practice of the educational department to interfere with separate school authorities in the choice of text-books.

While this system seems at first sight to have the virtue of fairness, it might work to the great disadvantage of the children of a weak and impetuous minority. It facilitates, to their mutual harm, the segregation of the children of different sects, while the highest welfare of a country depends upon the fusion of all classes into one patriotic body of citizenship. I was assured that great dissatisfaction exists with the system, that these separate schools are almost entirely controlled by the church and are not nearly as well managed as the public schools.

Our national policy, dissociating Church and State, is doubtless the best. We must, of course, allow freedom in the establishment of parochial, denominational and private schools, but let all those who desire such luxuries pay for them. Meanwhile let the law provide liberally for the public schools, guarantee to every child a sufficient number of school days in every year, and require all elementary schools to maintain certain standards of instruction, but not a cent of public money for schools other than public.

The Desirability of Sunday Street-cars

was the subject of a lively newspaper discussion in Toronto during the summer. The agitation for their introduction was conducted by the Toronto World, a one-cent morning paper, the cheapest and smallest of the Toronto dailies. Toronto surely presents a great contrast with most large cities. The charter of the street railway company expressly forbids Sunday traffic. This must be amended before the cars can run on that day. The World advocates the submission of the question to the people, that a proper petition may be made to the next legislature if the Sunday cars are wanted. Strangely to a dweller in "Puritan" Massachusetts, the leading dailies of Toronto editorially oppose the plan and plead for a quiet Sabbath with an earnestness worthy of a religious weekly in the States.

The people could attend church more generally, and, particularly, churches of their choice, could visit their friends and the graves of their dead, and could get out into the green fields for fresh air—these are the principal arguments for Sunday horse-cars. It is solemnly and repeatedly asserted that this is not to be the thin edge of the wedge for Sabbath desecration. But how dense such ignorance is, the zealous church-goers of Boston who succeeded a few years ago in securing Sunday horse-car and steam-car service for that city might now inform these innocent agitators. Toronto's Sabbath is indeed a marvel of quiet and church attendance. No horse-cars, very few carriages or carts, no suburban trains, no work on the streets, no open shops—a heavenly restfulness pervades the day. The churches are vastly better filled than in most places well supplied with Sunday cars. However beneficial these may be in other ways, are they not a great damage to the churches, encouraging habits of non-attendance by offering counter attractions of visiting and pleasure and by scattering the membership of a church and destroying the parish system? The parish system of the Catholic Church gives solidity and efficiency to its work; but what can a church accomplish whose membership is spread from end to end of Boston, and comes, moreover, from several suburban cities and towns? In Toronto the lack of means of travel on Sunday has resulted in the building up of fine churches of all denominations in the different parts of the city, and concentrating church work as it ought to be. Look at the Methodist church edifices of Toronto—the Metropolitan, Carlton Street, Elm Street, Sherburne Street, Trinity and Spadina Avenue, the latter two just built, and any one of which would be no discredit to any of our best societies in Boston or New York.

Give the people a half-holiday on Saturday and every facility for recreation, but keep Sunday for rest, meditation and worship, which in this favored age the people need even as much as they need fresh air and amusements. We trust the good citizens of Toronto will be content with maintaining their enviable and world-wide reputation as the best Sabbath-keeping city of large size on the globe.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE.

Now that Conference is over, and the time of receptions to pastors new and old is gone by, the brethren at Chicago are beginning to plan largely for the year's work. Of course, there were some misfits in the appointments; the square peg seems to have been placed in the round hole in several instances; but Methodists and Methodist preachers under those circumstances usually learn the lessons of adaptability rapidly, and are able to say, "I have learned, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content." The year is full of promise, the preachers full of enthusiasm; and it will be no strange thing if there be a mighty advance all along the line in Chicago Methodism during this Conference year.

Rev. Dr. H. W. Bolton is doing great things at Clark Street—which has been true of his work there for the last four years. His fifth year opens well. His official board came up to the opportunity handsomely and voted a well-deserved increase of \$500 on his salary. He has one of the largest congregations in the city, and has invitations from two of the prominent churches of the city who want him when his pastorate closes at Clark Street. Dr. Bolton is one of the most valuable men the East has ever sent to Chicago.

Rev. Dr. C. E. Mandeville, who has just completed a most successful pastorate at Western Avenue Church, has taken a supernumerary relation and will give his time to rest, recreation, and revivals. During his three years at Western Avenue, he did a telling and glorious work of which the 331 accessions by letter and 394 by conversion give some suggestion. Dr. Mandeville has taken up his residence in that most delightful of all retreats for supernumeraries—Evanton; and if environment could do anything for a man seeking rest, surely the fact that Dr. Mandeville is to reside just next door to "Rest Cottage," the quiet home of Miss Frances E. Willard, will conduce to that result.

It may not be amiss to mention a few of the changes made at the recent Conference in the pastorates of the Chicago churches. Rev. Lewis Curtis, D. D., who has been presiding

elder of Dixon District for the last four years, has begun his work at Western Avenue Church, and fits the place admirably. Rev. S. M. Davis, who has been on the supernumerary list for a year or two, has returned to the work with renewed energy and enthusiasm, and is stationed at Wabash Avenue. Rev. R. H. Pooley, who served Wabash Avenue last year, has gone to Appleton, Wis., where he relieved Rev. E. J. Updike, who has become pastor of the First Church, Englewood, of which Rev. Dr. Olin A. Curtis, of Boston University, was pastor last year. Rev. F. A. Hardin, one of the most skillful and successful "evangelists" of Rock River Conference, has become presiding elder of Freeport District, which means "a revival on every charge in the district this winter," as one preacher put it.

Chicago will lose one of her strongest and most promising young men in the departure of Rev. W. H. Crawford for his new field of work in the South. He has accepted the professorship of church history in Gammon School of Theology, Atlanta, Georgia; and after a few months of rest and study at Evanston, he will go South and begin his work. He will be a valuable man to the Gammon School as a teacher, a preacher, and a Christian gentleman, and Chicago parts with him with no little reluctance.

The statistical report of the recent Conference will be read with interest. The report shows 34,341 members and 2,615 probationers in the Conference; 313 churches, worth \$2,791,400; 160 parsonages, worth \$305,430; 336 Sunday-schools, with 5,504 officers and teachers, and 45,950 scholars. The collections were: Missions, \$29,297; Church Extension, \$1,629; Sunday School Union, \$620; Tract Society, \$590; Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education, \$5,415; Education, \$2,956; American Bible Society, \$1,937; Woman's Foreign Missions, \$9,794; Woman's Home Missions, \$4,763; Pastoral Support, \$241,577; Conference Claims, \$9,099.

At the meeting of the Methodist preachers Monday morning the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, C. G. Truesdell; first vice-president, Lewis Curtis; second vice-president, F. M. Bristol; third vice-president, J. J. Keller; secretary and treasurer, E. C. Arnold; business committee, W. H. Holmes, J. M. Caldwell, Jacob Berger, Joseph Odgers, J. O. Foster. Prof. W. H. Tomlinson, of the Apollo Musical Club, addressed the brethren on "The Use of the Voice." The address was a very unique and interesting presentation of the fundamental principles of voice culture, and won universal praise from the audience.

The Chicago deaconesses and their friends celebrated the fifth anniversary of the establishment of the society, at the Chicago Deaconess Home on Dearborn Avenue, Monday evening. This department of Methodist endeavor in Chicago is in a flourishing condition and is doing a royal work in the Master's vineyard. The number of candidates for the work is constantly increasing; and as the needs of the school and the character of the work done by the deaconesses become better known, new friends are enlisted in the enterprise and the school is enabled to enlarge the scope of its usefulness and power.

Here is a new thing in practical temperance work: Last May a number of prominent business men and clergymen of Chicago got together and organized themselves into the Temperance Education Society. This Society is backing a very clever scheme by which some very startling facts are brought to the knowledge of the people of our city. It gathers statistics, giving the number of barrels of beer drank every year by Chicagoans, and the money value of the stuff, and the number of homes this money would buy. These statistics are printed on cards and hung in the street cars in conspicuous places. People read the startling figures and begin to think. In speaking for the Society, its secretary said that the theory of the Society is that the people need to know the facts as to the liquor traffic in relation to the community; that the people are not posted as to these facts is clearly indicated by the air of astonishment or incredulity that meets the statements already published by the Society; that a simple statement of the fact is not sufficient to arrest the attention and awaken the thought and purpose of the busy citizen, whatever his occupation. The scheme is working with satisfactory results, though the good accomplished cannot, from the nature of the case, come within the range of computation. It is altogether likely that it will be introduced into other cities soon.

S. J. H.

MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Kent's Hill and the Association. The Augusta District Ministerial Association met at the Athens of our Conference, Oct. 21-23. Some places have become famous by the events of a day; not so with Kent's Hill. No earthquakes or battles have thundered here. This spot overlooks delightful landscapes, but it could never win its fame by its scenery, situated as it is among so many New England rivals and flanked in the distance by Katahdin and Mt. Washington. Our country is noted for its vast resources and varied climate, its ice-panned winters and flower-decked summers, its fields of corn and mountains of gold, but when rhetoric and eloquence have done their utmost to emphasize the greatness of our land, let it ever be remembered that the chief glory of Columbia is the men and women that have made her history. So has it been, so mote it ever be, with Kent's Hill. Long after we have forgotten that the school located here manufactures chairs, will it be remembered that it produced a man, that in a few years' time again and again has transformed crude, bungling boys into skilled workmen and mighty masters. This is the chief glory of Kent's Hill.

The attendance of ministers was not large but the congregations were good and the working force ample, including three divinity doctors and one of the law, three college presidents, three ex-presiding elders and the present incumbent, besides a good supply of gifted women, and so on to the end of the chapter. As no member of the programme committee was present, we will thank our servants for the confidence they reposed in us in intrusting their work to our hands, and will inform them that an essay was read on every subject assigned. The questions elicited the most by discussion were infant baptism and the call to the ministry. Perhaps others with equal time might have proceeded the same awakening.

On Monday evening W. H. McAllister, of Strong, preached a thoughtful, textual sermon on Titus 2:11. Tuesday evening, D. B. Holt preached an impressive sermon on the endowment of power, which was followed by prayer and consecration attended with a manifestation of the Divine Presence. Wednesday evening, I. G. Ross, of Norway, gave one of his missionary sermons that have done so much to awaken the church on world-wide evangelism.

The presiding elder was on hand and alert, engaged for the work, looking after every point both

great and small; and if the preachers keep abreast of their leader in the work, the Augusta District will have no bars to wheat-fields left down, no gates hanging by one hinge, no blinds swinging in the wind, no moss gathering on the roofs, no doorsteps out of plumb, no cellar windows out in December; but the heralds of the cross from the churches will call to the unprotected world in the cold and dark, saying, "It is light, and warm, and joyful in here, Come in! Come in!"

Besides the usual complimentary resolutions, the Association passed the following:—

Resolved, 1. That we extend to the president and teachers of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College our largest sympathy in the noble work they are doing, and pledge them our hearty co-operation.

2. That we will take collections in our several churches at such times as the financial agent of the school may suggest to aid in securing the much-needed new building.

3. That we extend to Dr. H. P. Torrey our hearty appreciation of his long and faithful services in connection with the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College, and accord to him in his retirement from active duties our sympathy and prayers.

4. That as Methodist preachers we will use strenuous efforts to promote the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drink by the most efficient and judicious methods, and endeavor to build up among our people a strong temperance sentiment.

5. That we recommend the formation and combination of young people's Epworth Leagues in all our charges.

The Association voted to hold its next session at Skowhegan, and to issue a call for a convention of young people's societies to be held in connection with it. Thus with another blessing another Association adjourned.

G. R. PALMER, Sec. pro tem.

Eastern Connecticut.

This Association held its autumnal session in Portland, Conn., Oct. 14-16, this being the second visit to this place in twenty years. In spite of the rain, mud, and Egyptian darkness of Monday evening, Dr. Raymond, newly-elected president of Wesleyan University, made his appearance at the appointed hour, and delivered an able, scholarly and most instructive address before the handful of people who assembled with Rev. J. W. Freedy, their pastor, and a dozen other preachers of the district.

The next morning dawned pleasantly, and what the night before seemed so gloomy and uninviting, presented a most pleasing prospect. The lower part of the town along the river is in too close proximity to the well known Portland Brown Stone Quarries for comfort, especially in a dry windy day; but a little farther back, in the vicinity of our church and parsonage and beyond, are fine roads and beautiful residences. The people showed themselves most hospitable, and rendered our visit among them very pleasant indeed.

We gather from Rev. E. Tirrell's review of Dr. Boland's "Problem of Methodism" that, while he would commend in some respects the Doctor's philosophy, he still feels bound to the opinion that Dr. Wesley and his co-theologians of the Methodist Church really worked the "Problem of Methodism" one or two points—especially one—beyond what even the later Dr. Boland has reached.

Rev. A. J. Conklin had us in an imaginary trip through the Roman Catholicos, which he visited this summer. This excellent paper was illustrated throughout by well-executed diagrams, and at the close many interesting and instructive conclusions were drawn as to the evident liveliness of the early Christians, their occupations, forms of worship, mode of baptism, etc.

One hour of the afternoon was given to consideration of Epworth League matters. Two carefully-prepared papers were presented, one by W. F. Buck, and another by W. F. Foster. These papers provoked so much discussion that when, in the evening, it was found that neither of the preachers appointed had arrived, the subject of the afternoon was resumed, and made the order of the evening.

Afternoon from 3 o'clock till tea time was spent in a very pleasing manner. In response to an invitation of Dr. Raymond, the Association went in a body to Wesleyan University, where the Doctor gave us most welcome greetings and an hour or more of his time, looking about the grounds and buildings. We watched for some time a practice game of football, and finally shook hands with President Footmont, feeling that we had been in the company of a Christian gentleman and scholar. The Wesleyan boys call him a "live man." We bespeak for him a popular and successful career at the head of that institution.

Wednesday morning the Association held in consideration a very pleasing paper from O. W. Scott on the "Relation of the Present Sunday-school to the Church of the Future;" also a scholarly effort by J. H. Allen on "The Higher Criticism."

Appropriate resolutions were passed relative to Rev. L. W. Blood and Rev. Asa N. Bodfish, lately deceased. An invitation was presented by Rev. J. M. Taber, in behalf of the Sacred Heart S. C. Church, Norwich, to hold the next meeting at that place, and the invitation was readily accepted. The closing a very pleasant and profitable session of the Association.

F. L. HATWARD, Sec.

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

—Fifty-one members of our church perished in the Johnstown flood.

—Marion Thompson has become a member of the editorial corps of the Independent.

—The widow of Lowell Mason, the "father of American Protestant church music," is dead, at the age of 93 years.

—Rev. Henry Nielsen, of the Swiss Reformed Church, and director of the Book Concern in Bremen, Germany, is on a visit with his family to this country.

—Mrs. Maggie Van Cott has removed her home to Kearney, Nebraska.

—Rev. M. D. Carrel, late organizing secretary of the Epworth League, has become pastor at Niles, Mich.

—Philip Phillips, Jr., is editor of The Practical Student, published weekly by the students of the Ohio Wesleyan University.

—The American branch of the Evangelical Alliance will hold a national meeting in Boston, Dec. 4-6. Eminent ministers and laymen are to deliver addresses.

—Mr. Rev. D. H. Prosser gives the use of their elegant palace on Madison Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, to the Methodist Episcopal Church for five years, for the establishment of a D. D. House.

—Rev. Dr. F. P. Tower, of the Oregon Conference, and for the last year agent of the Williams University, has been elected president of our New University at N. S. M. N. N.

—At Halifax, N. S., R. V. D. Rand, the famous Micmac missionary, died lately at the age of 79 years. He was the greatest living authority on the Micmac language.

—Rev. Dr. W. C. Willing has been transferred from the Rock River to the New York Conference. The address of Dr. and Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing is now N. 146 West Sixteenth St., New York City.

—The death of Rev. Karl Schou, of Denmark, on July 31 is a great loss to our Denmark Mission, of which he was the very able and efficient superintendent for many years. He was a wise and capable administrator and a very faithful man of God.

Bishop Hurst is transferred. Rev. W. E. McLenon from New Carlisle, Ind., to Mexico City, Mexico, to take charge of our English-speaking church there. Rev. A. W. Greenman, returned missionary from Mexico, takes his place at New Carlisle.

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The Family.

THE UPPER CITY.

In all the hurry and worry,
Wherever our busy lives go,
There's a rest we may take in the harness,
Though tolling the while; for we know
That only a veil doth divide us
From where the whole work is to praise,
And our souls may pause at the gateway,
And join in the heavenly lays.

For the gates of that upper city
Are not shut at all by day;
And the "songs in the night" that "He giveth,"
But songs overhead are they
From the sinless inhabitants yonder
And caught by the hearts of men.
The city from God descended
Went never away again.

But as on "that other discipline"
The light of its coming breaks,
The glorious light of its staying
Is present to eyes that wake;
And wherever our earthly dwelling,
Or wherever we roam,
Just over our time-held eyelids
Hovers eternal home.

Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.

GROWING OLD.

They call it "growing down the hill" when we are
growing old,
And speak with mournful accents when our tale is
nearly told.
They sigh when talking of the past, the days that used
to be,
As if the future were not bright with immortality.

But it is not going down; 'tis climbing high and
higher,
Until we almost see the mountain that our souls desire;
For if the natural eye grow dim, it is but dim to
earth;
While the eye of faith grows keener to discern the
Saviour's worth.

Who would exchange for shooting blade the waving
golden grain;
Or when the corn is fully ripe, would wish it green
again?
And who would wish the hoary head, found in the
way of truth,
To be again encircled with the sunny locks of youth?

For though, in truth, the outward man must perish
and decay,
The inward man shall be renewed by grace from day
to day;
Those who are planted by the Lord, unshaken in their
root,
Shall in their old age flourish, and bring forth their
choicest fruit.

It is not years that make men old; the spirit may be
young,
Though fully three-score years and ten the wheels of
life have run.
God has himself recorded in His blessed word of
truth
That they who wait upon the Lord shall ever renew
their youth.

And when the eye, now dim, shall open to behold the
King,
And ears now deaf with age shall hear the harp of
heaven ring,
And on the head now hoary shall be placed the crown
of gold,
Then shall be known the lasting joy of never growing
old.

— Evangelist.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

How easy is the thought, in certain moods,
Of the lowliest, most unselfish devotion!
How hard is the doing of the thought in the
face of a thousand unlovely difficulties! —
Macdonald.

God works incessantly, but His work is
permeated by that element which we call play,
because it represents the natural flow of His
energy, and there is in it the joy of the divine
nature finding adequate expression. Man's
work, if it is to be real and true and to embody
his character, must partake of this same element
of joyousness. We have not done our whole
duty when we have finished the day and left no
part of our nature; there is something in the
complete doing of a work which is more than
the merely mechanical element; something which
gives that mechanical element its moral quality;
and this something is our personality. If our work
is to be real, we must put ourselves in it. It must
be to be a language through which we speak to
the world, and in which our souls express
themselves. Work comes hard always to those
who do it from a sense of duty or under the
lash of necessity; work is always a joy to those
who do it because it gives them the one great
means through which they can express their
deepest purpose and their truest self. —
Christian Union.

Side by side we sit, though a shadow
Between us doth fall;
We are parted, and yet are not parted,
Not wholly and all.
For still you are round about me,
Almost in my face;
Through I miss the old pleasant communion
Of smile and of speech.
And I long to hear what you are seeing,
And what you have done;
Since the earth faded from your vision,
And the heavens began;
Since you dropped the darkening fillet
Of clay from your sight,
And opened your eyes upon glory
Ineffably bright!

Though little my hand has accomplished,
My poor hands have wrought,
I have lived what has seemed to be ages
In feeling and thought;
Since the time when our path grew so narrow
So near the unknown,
That I turned back from following after,
And you went alone.
For we speak of you cheerfully, always,
As journeying on;
Not as one who is dead and you name you;
We say, you are still;
For how could we speak of you sadly,
We, who watched while the graces
Of eternity's wonderful beauty
Grew over your face?

Do we call the star lost that is hidden
In the great light of morn?
Or fashion a shroud for the young child
In the day he is born?
Yet behold these were wise to their folly,
Who mourn, sore distressed,
When a soul, whom we loved, believing,
Entered into its rest.

— Phoebe Cory.

If a man is to exist millions of years after
his death, if one can speak of years in consider-
ing the measurements of eternity, to be
himself he must be able to remember himself.
Let a man now think what will probably be
the precious things of memory a myriad of
years hence, when all the present state of
terrestrial affairs shall have passed away, all
his history destroyed, all its monuments for-
gotten. Will it be the accumulation of a few
poor, pitiful millions of dollars, most of which
he could not use even while in the flesh? Will
it be that his name was in the newspapers of
his day? Will it be that he had a momentary
thrill of physical enjoyment? What will it
be? If, amid all these things, he was ever
able to turn one soul from the error of his
way, and stopped and dried up a stream of
sin, and brought that soul into the possession
of eternal life, will not the memory of that in
the world to come be to the man something
of value outweighing all thrones and crowns and
sceptres and terrestrial palaces? — Dr. Charles
F. Deems.

I saw a sign painter take a dish full of gold
dust and pour it over the board upon which
he was working; but when he turned it over,
it nearly all seemed to have fallen off. But not
all; the lines where his brush had been drawn
a few moments before with the adhesive prepa-
ration, these caught the glittering particles
and held them firm. And so, thought I, must
the teachers of God now do. For the golden
seed of the gospel over the whole congrega-

tion, and if it seems to slide off, and get no
hold upon their hearts, let us know that many
a one who has been touched with the prepar-
ing grace of the Holy Spirit will catch and
hold fast the word of life, and so the word
shall not return to God void. — Dr. A. J. Gor-
don.

Paul's great solicitude is for the inner man;
if he can only get that strengthened, he feels
that his work is done. And he is right. The
inner man is the metropolis, the capital, the
chief city; all the provinces take their tone
from there. No man must begin with the
provinces if he wants to make his fortune. In
vain you adorn the body, in vain you amass
the gold, in vain you seek the sights and
sounds of beauty; the capital is the heart, and
if the fashion of the heart be sordid, the
whole is sad. But if the fashion of the heart
be bright, I have no fear for the provinces;
they will soon follow. The body may be
meanly clad, the gold may be scarce and dim,
the sights and sounds of beauty may be shut
out by lane and valley, but if in the heart
there be voices of laughter, they will fill all
the land. If there be songs in the metropolis,
I shall not be able to keep down my singing.
I shall sing through all the provinces; I shall
sing in the cold and in the snow; I shall sing
in the dark and in the rain; I shall sing
my struggle for daily bread. The life of joy is
everywhere when there is gladness in the inner
man. Therefore, Thine Divine Spirit, I come
to Thee! — GEO. MATHESON, in "Voices of
the Spirit."

A PILGRIMAGE TO A PICTURE.

REV. J. WEAVER DEARBORN.

THE Sistine Madonna by Raphael was the
lodestone that drew me to Dresden. Our
hurried journey to the East required us to
make as direct a line as possible both in going
and returning, and northern Germany was
considerably out of the way. So with regretful
longings the journey was planned and
Dresden left out.

My desire to see this picture had been
heightened by a careful comparison of the
best engravings from it. No picture has been
so studiously and religiously copied — John
Frederick Müller made his life a sacrifice to
his faithfully-engraved plate — yet any two
copies are noticeably unlike. All are beautiful.
The poorest engraving, the rudest woodcut,
from this picture, has caught its life of beauty.
The chief difficulty has been with the expres-
sion on the face of the Holy Child. Take a
good engraving, and the eyes are beautiful.
Take another, and the same eyes hold you.
Put these prints side by side, and you find
their whole expression to be unlike. It is
evident that no copyist is great enough to
carry away the greatness of this picture. One
must go to the painting if he would see it; it
cannot be brought to him.

I felt this so keenly that the shadow of cer-
tain and lifelong chagrin began to haunt me.
To go to see the world's masterpiece in art,
and fail to see the greatest of all, would forever
be a fly in the ointment of delightful
memory.

It was a rush homeward that we made
from Palestine, for our vacation of grace was
fast spent. Yes, time and gold, those two
necessities of travel, were both ebbing fast
when after a friendly wrangle with the wis-
dom with whom we had traveled from the
East, holding fast to one companion, I broke
away at Venice.

With bounding hearts we made a right line
over the Austrian Alps, traveling night and
day for the famous picture.

It was a clear, crisp morning that we ar-
rived in Dresden. It was not a "free day"
at the gallery, and I stood alone before the
heavy door at the time of opening. I found
from a plan of the galleries where the picture
was located, for I did not want to come upon
it unawares. In trembling expectation I
passed through salon after salon with walls
richly laden.

The next day with my friend I visited it
again. The following notes chiefly made at
that time, may be of interest to many who
possess engravings or photographs of the
picture.

It has a room to itself. What picture could
hang near it? The stillness of the room im-
presses you. The visitors come and go silently.
I heard no word above a whisper. The
painting is large, and rests upon a dias two or
three feet above the floor. The figures are of
heroic size.

The color scheme is subdued and harmoni-
ous. Most of Raphael's pictures welcome
you with their warmth. It is not so here.
You grow warm with the thought, suggest-
iveness and spiritual beauty of what is be-
fore you. Heavy green curtains are drawn
aside, revealing a cloudy space peopled with
angel faces, and lighted by the glow of the
Mother and Child standing in the midst. The
vestment of light in which they appear is not
golden, but a bluish gray as of the dawn.
The curtains suggest revelation. We may
rise to our clearest vision, but until God has
revealed Christ, none can see Him. They are
drawn that the Promise of the Father may
be seen, in whom life and immortality are
brought to light.

Kneeling to the right and left of the Mother
are Pope Sixtus and St. Barbara. Don't let
this latter-day title disturb your enjoyment of
the picture. He was the chief minister of the
Christian Church at one time in the third cen-
tury — a martyr to the faith. The picture
was intended for a monastery bearing his
name, and so doubtless Raphael felt con-
strained to introduce his portrait for the sake
of "local color." It is a triumph of genius
that the picture is not spoiled, but rather
heightened by it.

The Pope worships with uplifted and raptur-
ous countenance. That sweet vision makes
beautiful a face old and ugly. One hand is
meekly placed upon his breast. The other is
extended towards the spectator as remem-
bering others with himself. His mitre is laid
aside. His cloak almost hides it, as though
he were ashamed to have a crown.

St. Barbara, whose legend is that of a fair
young convert from paganism, and a martyr
by the hand of her irate father, reverently
turns her face from the too glorious sight.
She has spiritual vision, for the charm of
which her soul is conscious shines in every
feature. Both these worshippers kneeling in
the cloud on which Mary stands have risen
above the earth, as must all who would share
such communion. While in the flesh we may
walk in the Spirit.

The Virgin Mother is gentle, unassuming,
quiescent. With flowing garments and bare
feet pressing the cloud she presents to our
view the Son of the Highest and her own. She
is a pure and noble ideal of perfect woman-
hood, "nearer the perfection of female beauty

and elegance than anything in painting." With
that child in her arms, she seems also di-
vine. Our highest attainment is not in sepa-
rateness from Christ. In holding up Him, we
insensibly take on His likeness. Her expres-
sion is of solemn surprise that "the handmaid
of the Lord" should have such honor. The
Italians may well call her "La Vergine Glori-
osa."

"Almost a frightened look thou hast,
As if within thy thought
The glory of thy motherhood,
An anxious burden brought."

The Christ whom she tenderly lifts is un-
clothed. Unlike the Pope, His kingliness is in-
ward, not outward. If beatific visions can
make holy faces possible to the highest art,
such vision must have given Raphael his con-
ception of the Holy Child. His eyes are won-
derful. They express the gladness with which
He has come. I thought of Eastern women
closely veiled about the head, their eyes the
brighter for being alone visible. So He is
veiled. You see a babe; His flesh soft, dim-
pled and full; and you see eyes the windows
of a divine soul. Strange that a babe should
have such expression! It is as unearthly as
that God should be manifest in the flesh.
That little temple which men will soon seek to
destroy, is the Holy of Holies.

I have not mentioned the cherubs at the
bottom of the picture. It is said that they
were a later addition by the artist. He must
have added them because he felt his greatest
picture to be incomplete. Doubtless after his
latest touches he felt himself to have attempt-
ed "The high that proved too high."

Technically the modern Frenchman is far
ahead of the best days of Italian art. In
drawing, color, atmosphere, they challenge
all comparison. Yet a whole annual Salon
of 5,000 paintings is almost ephemeral in interest.
One of their chief critics charges it to the lack
of liberal education. The lack is deeper,
sadder. It is a moral one. French art lives
after the flesh, and its days are not often
threescore and ten. Most of it is still-born.
The greatest painting is religious. For nearly
four centuries the "apex of art" has been the
Sistine Madonna. It represents the Incarna-
tion. The man who would paint a greater
picture, must first find a greater theme.

Stonham, Mass.

ABOUT WOMEN.

— Lady Forester sends to the factory girls of
London every week upward of 2,000 bunches of
flowers gathered by the servants on the estate.

— Miss Juliet Corson, the well-known teacher of
cooking, who has been in poor health for several
years, is now much better, and has become the editor
of the *Household Monthly*.

— Miss Marian Edison, the sixteen-year-old
daughter of the famous inventor, speaks four lan-
guages, is a fair musician, and uses a pencil like a
draughtsman.

— The will of L. B. Eaton, the eccentric farmer
of Steuben County, N. Y., has been declared valid
by the court. His 400-acre farm will be divided into
ten-acre lots, and forty houses for widows and old maids
above the age of thirty-five will be erected thereon.
The colony is to be known as the "Eaton Home."
The value of the estate thus bestowed is about \$30,000.

— Miss Matilda Wallin, a Swedish lady who has
for the past two years taught gymnastics and prac-
ticed massage and the Swedish movement cure at St.
Paul, Minn., has been placed in charge of the gymnas-
tic department at the Baltimore Woman's College,
which makes a specialty of physical culture.

— Miss Katherine Richardson is the record-breaker
of the Alps. Expeditions of over twenty hours' con-
tinuous walking and climbing show what woman
is capable of in the way of physical exertion. Miss
Richardson is young, light, short, neatly and tightly
built. Her greatest feat this year was the ascent,
from Montauvert, of both peaks of the Aiguille du
Dru, which occupied twenty-two hours.

— Miss Salie A. Moore, of Philadelphia, presi-
dent of St. Malach's Ladies' Total Abstinence Soci-
ety, is said to be the first Catholic woman to address a
public assembly in the presence of a bishop and
priests. This was at the last annual convention of
the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, held recently at
Cleveland, O. Miss Moore writes to Miss Willard:
"I am with you heart and soul in the grand motto,
'No sectarianism in religion, no sectarianism in poli-
tics, no sex in citizenship; but each and all of us for
God, and home, and native land.'"

— "The Knights of Labor did not invite women
to join them to make their gatherings pleasant, or
from courtesy toward the sex, but we saw them to-
day outside during the day, and we thought they ought
to have a chance to work for their own salvation in-
side — for we are women's rights men." —
Powderly, and he looked a bit more masterful for the
utterance. "We looked to him to work side by side
with us, and so bravely have they fulfilled our ex-
pectations that I have wished all our men were
women. To-day machinery places men and women side
by side in work where formerly men stood alone, but
her composition does not rise to the level of his. We
believe in equal pay for equal work. More perfect
machinery will open up more employment for women,
and unless you recognize them, she will do the
world's work — and you will walk the streets for a
job!"

THE RAINY SABBATH.

"My dear child, you certainly are not go-
ing out in this rain!" exclaimed Mrs.
Hill, as her daughter entered the room dressed
for the street, on a disagreeable Sabbath morn-
ing.

"Yes, mamma, I am going to church," she
answered pleasantly; "the rain did not keep
me from that concert last week, nor from go-
ing to the stores yesterday. Tom, what did
you do with my umbrella?"

"I am sure I don't know," said the young
man who had just sauntered in. "But what
nonsense — you going to church this morn-
ing! You had better stay at home; you can
read a sermon that will do you just as much
good."

"Forsoke not the assembling of yourselves
together," quoted his sister. "Ah! here's my
umbrella. Good-by."

As Mary approached the church, walking
carefully through the rain and mud, Harry
Hampton, a bright-faced boy of fourteen, came
rapidly down the church steps and ran against
her, as she started up. "I beg your pardon,"
said the boy, raising his hat. "Why, Miss
Mary! it is possible you are out such a day
as this? Let me help you up these slippery
steps."

"You are going the wrong way, Harry,"
said Mary, pausing a moment, as he turned
again toward the street.

"Almost a frightened look thou hast,
As if within thy thought
The glory of thy motherhood,
An anxious burden brought."

The minister gave his text, "Choose ye
this day whom ye will serve," and followed it
with an earnest appeal to those who had not
yet chosen the Lord's side. When the services
were over and Mary turned to Harry, she was
startled at the earnest, thoughtful expression
on his face; he refused her invitation to din-
ner, and walked quietly off to his own room.

Several weeks had passed, and Mary had
seen nothing more of Harry; when, one bright
morn'g, she was made happy by
seeing him come forward to be received into
the church.

"I want to thank you for keeping me at
church that rainy Sabbath," said Harry, after-
wards. "I was on the road to ruin that day,
and had stopped at a saloon. I had been
Harry Hampton is an active member of the
church, and Mary Hill often thanks God that
He used her faithfully spent 'rainy Sabbath'
in the salvation of a soul. — *Christian Obser-*

A HUNDRED HINTS FOR KING'S DAUGHTERS.

BANDED together as we are, as mem-
bers of a royal household, is it not well to
counsel with one another, as we journey
through the mazes of life? Daughters of the
King, speak often to one another! Having
united ourselves to this lovely Order, the
question, I am sure, often arises: What new
work can I perform? First, dear sisters, let
us see that our own lives are more holy. Let
us solemnly ask: What is the aim of my life?
How can I do the most for Christ? How, and
by what means, can He get the greatest glory
from my life? What is my special gift? Our
example tells powerfully on all around us.
It will live forever! Can the example of "Li-
tle Jane, the Young Cottager," or of "Eliza-
beth Walbridge, the Dairyman's Daughter,"
ever perish? Can any human pen estimate
the good done by Leigh Richmond in the
writing of these little, simple tracts, which
have been read alike in the palace and the
hovel?

Every King's Daughter should seek still
greater consecration, and as a help to such,
let me recommend a little work by Rev. J. R.
Miller, of Philadelphia, called "In His Steps,"
which so sweetly instructs the young disci-
ple in his daily walk. It would be helpful
to every one of us. Read it, by all means, and
lend it to others. It is to be hoped that every
"King's Daughter" is a temperance worker.
In many ways you can help on this cause.
Banish all wine, the drink from your home.
Parents, never permit your children to
say, "I learned to drink it at my mother's
table." Dispense with it in cooking. Scatter
temperance books, especially that thrilling
story by Mrs. Mary Spring Walker, called
"Dr. Willoughby and the Wine." This book
would save many from ruin. Do read it, and
study the subject of temperance. It is igno-
rance of the subject which keeps many out of
the work. One hour's prayerful considera-
tion of the subject would move every Christian
to work.

— The will of L. B. Eaton, the eccentric farmer
of Steuben County, N. Y., has been declared valid
by the court. His 400-acre farm will be divided into
ten-acre lots, and forty houses for widows and old maids
above the age of thirty-five will be erected thereon.
The colony is to be known as the "Eaton Home."
The value of the estate thus bestowed is about \$30,000.

BEGINNING FAMILY WORSHIP.

A YOUNG man of fashion, wealth, educa-
tion, and high social position, at a mid-
day prayer-meeting felt in himself the hope
that he might not be ashamed, realized a Saviour
precious to his soul. He believed that God,
for Christ's sake, had forgiven his sins, and de-
termined that he would never be ashamed of
Christ. He would acknowledge and honor
Him everywhere.

The opportunity, the time and place soon
came. He was returning to his home in the
evening.

"Now," said he, "I must honor and obey
God in my family. I must set up family wor-
ship."
"O no," said the tempter, "not yet! Don't
be in a hurry. Take time. Get a little strong-
er, and then you can go on better."

"I must begin to-night. I do not know
what my wife and sister will say, but I am
duty, and I am resolved to do it, and trust God
for the rest. I must pray in my family."
"Not to-night," said the tempter; "you do
not know how to pray. You have never
prayed much. You are unacquainted with
the language of prayer. Wait and learn
first."

"No, no; I must pray to-night. I will
pray to-night. Get thee behind me, Satan."
He passed into his dwelling, and into his li-
brary, and there, before God, his Heavenly
Father, and in the name of the Lord Jesus, he
poured out his heart, and asked for strength
and grace from on high to assist him in his
duty.

When he met his wife that evening she saw
at once that a great change had taken place in
him, but said nothing. At length he asked
her: —
"Would you have any objections to our
having family worship?"

After a moment's surprise and hesitation,
she said with true politeness: "Certainly not,
if it is your pleasure."

"Bring me a Bible, then, please, and draw
up under the gaslight, and let us read and
pray." — *Southern Churchman.*

one day, as he was starting home to dinner, he re-
ceived a telegram telling him to go to Providence, R.
I., at once. He left on the 1.15 train, and in that city
met the man whom he had rescued from death at
Nantasket. The grateful gentleman welcomed Mr.
Gruchy in the heartiest manner, and informed him
that he had placed \$5,000 to his account, as a slight
reward for his bravery. He also gave him a check
for \$100. The gentleman, who is a prominent
and wealthy business man of Providence, constitutes
himself Mr. Gruchy's guardian until the latter be-
comes of age, when he will pay over the \$5,000 to him.

A TRUST-SONG.

Better a smile than a sigh, dear,
Better a kiss than a frown;
Better a look toward the sky, dear,
Than always by looking down.

Better in time of trouble
A song of praise and cheer,
Than a heart that broods o'er sorrow,
And makes that sorrow dear.

The joys we find in to-day, dear,
Perhaps seem poor and small;
But better a little sun, dear,
Than to have no sun at all.

Ten make the most of the present,
And his little joys, I say;
For what is here to have, dear,
But to-morrow is far away.

So look in my face and smile, dear,
And sing a cheerful song;
It never is worth our while, dear,
To help life's worries along.

We have love, and we have each other,
And God, who is kind and true,
And we will hope for the best, and trust the rest
To Him, life's journey through.

— EREN R. KENFORD, in *Congregationalist*.

Bits of Fun.

— "Look at Brown over there in the corner."
Smith: "Yes, buried in thought." Jones: "Mighty
shallow grave, isn't it?"

— "Ske," "Well, Zekiel, what d'yer intend self
fast — got the question or question Fast?"
— "What I admire about Jephthah is her self
possession." "Yes, I fear she can't help that. I
don't know anybody else who would have her."

— "Woman, to tramp: 'Want something to eat,
eh? Well, here's some cold hash.' 'Tramp: 'But I
haven't got anything to eat with it.' 'Woman: 'Just
keep a little farther and you'll find a fork in the
road.'"

— An old bachelor, through no fault of his, was
looking at a little baby, and was expected to admire it,
of course. "Well, Mr. Binkins," said the proud
young mother, expectantly, "is it not very lovely?"
"Yes — that is to say — er — um — about how old
such a baby be, Mrs. Tompkins, before it begins
to look like a human being?"

— "Mrs. Mulligan," said Mrs. Ginty, "is it well
with you today?" "Yes, very well." "As well
as strong?" "Yes, quite strong." "Then, p'raps
it's a'be y'd be to bring back the two wash tubs yes
buried last Monday?"

— This rare bit of inspiration was written at Bel-
lows Falls, Vermont, in the summer of 1882, by the
then well-known poet, John G. Sax. Over a hundred
years ago he asked him for a line in his autograph for
remembrance sake, when, tearing off the blank half
of a note he had just read, he wrote: —
"My dearest Sarah,
Your lack of thought
With innumerable
Sax."

— EDITOR'S DRAWER OF *Harper's Magazine*.
— Irish Guide to American Tourist: "And there
is no king nor queen neither in America, they're
telling me, sir?" Indifferent Tourist: "No. We've
a president there." Irish Guide: "And how long
have you been having a president, might I ask, sir?"
Indifferent Tourist: "Oh, something over a hundred
years." Irish Guide (stopping, paralyzed with astonish-
ment): "Howdy, saints! And do they live that
long beyond there?"

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years." Irish Guide (stopping, paralyzed with astonish-
ment): "Howdy, saints! And do they live that
long beyond there?"

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

JIMMY JACKSON was in high glee. He
had just been measured for his new spring
suit, and was to have it next week, in time to
wear down to Squandunk on the picnic excursion.

"Pin-check," said Jimmy; "picked it out
myself; that is, mother and I did. Didn't we,
mother? Smith says he can fit me to a T.
Good shape. Some boys have crooked shoulders,
and some grasshopper legs. Hard to fit.
Take a twenty-four, I do. Remember all the
measurements, 'most — twenty-four breast,
fourteen collar, twenty-nine long, twelve —
Say there, Dick, let that bat alone, I tell you!
Mother, I'm going in a minute — didn't I
tell you so (impudently)? — soon's I settle
Sue, here, for nabbing my car."

"What are you laughing at, Uncle Harry?"
"O, nothing much. Just thought what a
chance it was for the recording angel to take
your measure — that's all."

Jimmy went on about his errand, and when
he got back it was high bedtime and a little
pale, so, after the usual amount of teasing to
wait for just another game, and grumbling at
the injustice of sending a boy to bed before
it was dark, when all the other boys in the
town could sit up until ten, he stumbled up
the stairs in very bad humor.

He got out of his clothes, but how, no one
but a boy in bad humor and a hurry to have it
over can tell. How he was to get into such a
tangled, criss-cross mess the next morning
was another puzzle.

"Blessings on the man that invented sleep!"
would have been a very appropriate motto to
track on Jimmy's bed that night; for, em-<

